

(3rd) Sunday evening - June 22 1902
Dear Mama and Susan. -

To begin with, thank you
very much for the \$2 - you sent. I got it yesterday
and it filled, or part of it did, my stomach which
feels better to-day than it did Friday. I was
much interested in the Whitman mss. and the
picture of Susan is good too - what was the idea
of the "Paiet" sign? It is lucky the dog escaped
as well as he did. The big lumber will get run over
one of these days. Bert has got his work cut out
for the summer all right. He has got a book on
antique furniture, to illustrate, and there will
be 2,000 illustrations, mostly little line cuts. I
was much surprised when he told me, and thought
he was jolly-ing at first but soon found that he
was not. Possibly I say possibly, for I don't like to
commit them before they come out of the shell. I may
get a share of the book to work on, for I don't see
how Bert can do it all and his regular work too.

I hope I can, as I may have plenty of time to
judge by indications now. I answered it also today
but nothing may come of it. It has been beautiful
to-day. Bert and Ada have gone up the sound
on an excursion to New Haven. Bert wanted
me to go too, but I thought I would make a
visit of necessity and go to Church. Mr White
spoke, and I tell you he is a fine speaker, I
like him as well as I do Mr Camp. I can hardly
say more, and he seemed pleased to see me
after an absence from since. I am going up to
call on him soon, - Scarlet fever is all gone, and
his boy is at the table again, so he says.

After church I went down to the Poree (a dog
joint where they got a good feed for little cash)
and ate dinner (saw the bottle of wine which
they usually serve.) Then I went to a drug

stone took the telephone book and found Dr J Perry Seward, and went up Amsterdam avenue Seward hunting. I have gotten it into my head that I want to see Ford, and I guess I am on the trail all right. They live on Perry Ave and Ford also when they are in town, at 200 W 70th St and as they were both at the country I left my card and will call again some day. I had a transfer which I was lucky enough to get, so I got on a cross town car and transferred north again at the next street and went up to 115th St & Riverside drive to Grant's Tomb. It is beautiful. The tomb is most impressive, and the view, well it is lovely. Looking across by the tomb one the river to the palisades which begin just above, and the hills are there in the distance the river winding away toward them until lost to view. The land is very high and the beautiful roads and park between them and the river with terrace upon terrace of walk and green lawn, makes a charming picture. I was perfectly contented this afternoon. I felt as if my burdens were taken away, and my trust is stronger than it was. It is sometimes hard, while in the rush and distraction of a big city to keep from becoming a "realist" and it becomes easy to forget how little everything is as compared to God, and his way of doing things.

It all came to me this afternoon as I looked out upon that great river surging on to the sea.

It rolled on that way between those mighty hills long before an Indian ever stood where I was standing and hundreds of years before the first cabin was built on Manhattan, and when the imposing marble tomb of Grant shall be as the dust it now contains the same hills will look down upon the same river and wonder what men will do next. Egypt was once as great as is New York to-day, and where

is the island that the English have flooded by building their dam? Oh I was chuck full of philosophy and criticism as Howard used to remark. But to come back to our subject. The tomb inside is as imposing, more so of anything, than it is outside. It is modelled on the Hotel Des Invalides (?) in Paris, and the sarcophagi are done in a well in the centre. The building is all marble, no iron work or anything which will rust or decay. Bronze doors elaborately ornamented are the only bit of blurring color. Everything is subdued in a violet stone & purple curtains at the windows. Some people went in looking pretty chipper and came out quiet and subdued by the atmosphere of massive rest which pervades the place. So much for Grant Memorial. That is the most interesting section of N.Y. to me, up around 100th to 115th West. The new Cathedral, which is being built, the Columbia College buildings, and numerous parks and drives make it a charming place. Apartment hotels are numerous and loads of apartment houses. But and I played ping pong last ev. and I got beaten by 3 sets straight. I am afraid I got mad inside and smashed the balls too much. He has a regular ping pong table as I may have written.

Nothing else of importance has happened. I was around among the music houses Friday, and a queer set they are. They are almost all on one street. W 28th, and they are almost to a one, publishers of theatrical stuff, Cake makes popular songs and marches. I think I can get some work from them if I hang around enough and use my brains to get up some new ideas.

Some of the cows are "very awful" and I think I can do as well as that myself.

I am guilty of writing a corn song and sending the words to Ralph Grack to be composed. I guess they will have to be composed with a clut. Oh that reminds me of a story Brit told at dinner the other night. An Irishman shortly over from the old country was spending a night with a friend down town in this city while talking about the wonderful things which Americans could do a fire alarm rang in and two steamers spouting streams of sparks and smoke rushed madly by. "Himself Mike" said Pat who had gone to the window and was gazing with mouth wide open "Come here quick, they're moving Hell and the loads have just gone past." "But has a dissagwall habit of eating" "Snowage de Brie" (Brie cheese tastes acts and moves just like Limburger) and if he eat any more of that evil smelling compound I am going to carry a can of chloride of lime to the Dutch restaurant after this. Last night he ate some which was the worst yet. I threatened to give him the water cure, but it was no go.

Speaking of water cure - I enclosed is a bit by "Dooley" which I think is pretty rich.

By the way, did you know that Purpont Morgan has been promoted to knickerbockers? Waller off says he will go without any of the cake or the coronation, but Edward still objects. I suppose Grandman is at M.B. by this time. I am trying to get the Brooklyn Fair news, and if I do I shall come home to work on it, which will give me pleasure and business at once. But, I am counting my Philipinos before they are water cured. Am I more cheerful?

Your loving son Frank.